

1217

# Jackson is taken, boys!

SONG  
& CHORUS

Edmund W. Hicks.

CHICAGO.

Published by Root & Cady 95 Clark St.

Entered according to act of Congress A.D. 1864 by Root & Cady in the Office of the Librarian of Congress for the Author & Cady.



I 1640  
H

Filed March 5 1864  
Root & Cady

## VICKSBURG IS TAKEN, BOYS!

E.W. HICKS.

Allegretto.

P I A N O

The musical score consists of four systems. The first system shows the piano accompaniment in G major, 3/8 time, with eighth-note chords. The second system continues the piano part. The third system begins the vocal line with three stanzas of lyrics: 1. All hon-or and fame to the gal-lant and brave, Who 2. That flag, now be-gim'd with the car-nage of war, Grows 3. Bring out the spare powder and fire the big guns, The. The fourth system concludes the vocal line with three more stanzas: 1. All hon-or and fame to the gal-lant and brave, Who 2. That flag, now be-gim'd with the car-nage of war, Grows 3. Bring out the spare powder and fire the big guns, The.

4

**CHORUS**

Soprano: Hur - rah! boys, Hur - rah! shout glo - ry, and sing, For the trai - tors look sad - ly for -

Alto:

Tenor: Hur - rah! boys, Hur - rah! shout glo - ry, and sing, For the trai - tors look sad - ly for -

Bass:

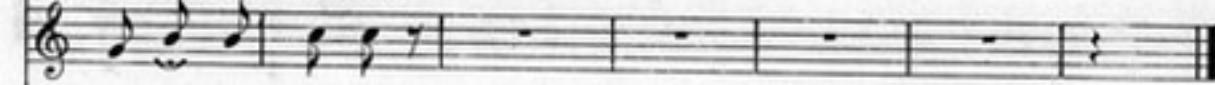
375 4 8

sak-en; Our glo-rious old Ea-gle is yet on the wing And Vicksburg is

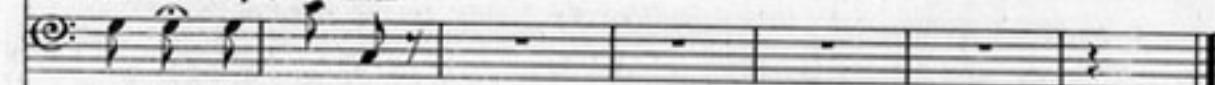
Bak-en; Our glo-rious old Ea-gle is yet on the wing And Vicksburg is



ta - ken, boys, ta - ken.



ta - ken, boys, ta - ken.



Yes Vicksburg is ours! O, Glory! Hurrah!

Won't all these head rebels feel gay!

And the greatest arch traitor the world ever saw—

Old Jeff.— will feel sick, boys, to-day!

Hurrah! boys, Hurrah! &c.

His great C. S. A. is now severed in twain,

And both of them shortly must die—

But he will not forget, to the end of his reign,

That wonderful Fourth of July!

Hurrah! boys, Hurrah! &c.

sak-en; Our glo-rious old Ea-gle is yet on the wing And Vicksburg is

Sak-en; Our glo-rious old Ea-gle is yet on the wing And Vicksburg is

8

ta - ken, boys, ta - ken.

ta - ken, boys, ta - ken.

8

375

4

5

Yes Vicksburg is ours! O, Glory! Hurrah!

Won't all these head rebels feel gay!

And the greatest arch traitor the world ever saw—

Old Jeff.—will feel sick, boys, to-day!

Hurrah! boys, Hurrah! &c.

His great C. S. A. is now severed in twain,

And both of them shortly must die—

But he will not forget, to the end of his reign,

That wonderful Fourth of July!

Hurrah! boys, Hurrah! &c.